Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER PROUDHON

Vol. XIII.—No. 12. NEW YORK, N. Y., JULY, 1899. Whole No. 362.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The really weak of this world are those who hug the delusion that they are strong enough to permanently subdue, by invasive methods, the associative strength of the sum total of seemingly weaker organisms capable of associating by contract. And it will be acknowledged in the end that these really weak ones have no rights.

In an editorial headed "Keep It from the French People," the New York "World" says that "M. Labori's description of the fifty months of torture to which Dreyfus was subjected at Devil's Island ought not to be published just yet by the newspapers of France." Indeed! And has the "World" forgotten its sovereign remedy: "Publicity! Publicity! Publicity!"?

Superstition as an ally of liberty! The medical monopoly, which, after years of systematic effort, had suppressed all competition and freedom in the healing art, and thought itself perfectly secure, is threatened from an unexpected source. The Christian Scientists are becoming strong and influential, and in many States judges and legislators refuse to interfere with them. Reason was powerless against the medical compulsionists, but superstition will down them. Reason appeals to the few; superstition reaches the many, and of the many legislatures and courts are afraid. Christian Science is the old humbug under another form and name, but it at least dispenses with State force. The medical monopolists will have cause to congratulate themselves if the State does not turn round and back their rivals. This would give them a dose of their own medicine.

Lack of means compelling "I" to abandon the use of deckel-edge paper, the deckel-edge typography, of which such paper was the deeply-hidden *motif*, has been abandoned with it. For once I say: Blessed be poverty! Unhappily "I" could afford luxuries just long enough to enable it to do damage. This innovator's forced retreat is simultaneous with its winning of a blind disciple. Mr. Fred Schulder, of Cleveland, having occasion to print an Anarchistic pamphlet, and desiring, I suppose, to be thoroughly up-to-date, has adopted Swartz's modification of my plan of composition. Only, not perceiving (and I don't wonder at it) the occult *raison d'être* of the left-hand ragged-edge, he has failed to use deckel-edge paper,—an omission which renders the imitation so unflattering to the original that Mr. Swartz, in reviewing the pamphlet, remembers to forget to acknowledge the compliment. Thus does the high priest, by enshrouding his cult in mystery, lead the poor neophyte astray.

I have purchased of Lee & Shepard all the remaining copies—some seventy in all—of Col. William B. Greene's "Socialistic, Communistic, Mutualistic, and Financial Fragments." Of this book there are no plates, and probably it will never be reprinted. Yet it contains a large amount of excellent matter, especially interesting to Anarchists. This cloth-bound volume has always been sold at $1.25. I offer the remaining copies at fifty cents each, post-paid.

The luminous and yellow "Journal" remarks editorially: "The Socialist is far more sensible than the Anarchist—we mean the philosophical Anarchist. The latter considers mankind as they may be thousands of years hence; the Socialist looks to conditions as they may be one or two centuries hence." Since pains are taken to specify the "philosophical" Anarchist, I take the implication to be that the so-called Communist Anarchist, or perhaps the bomb-throwing Anarchist, looks to conditions as they may be one or two decades hence, and so is more sensible than either the Socialist or the "philosophical" Anarchist. Presumably, in the "Journal's" eyes, the most sensible man of all is the pig-headed loco-foco who can't imagine what's going to happen over night. I suspect that this stuff is the work of that quack, Laurence Gronlund, whom Hearst has placed on his editorial staff. Unless indeed it was written by Casson, who, I understand, recently returned from Ruskin to drive a quill for the rich young fakir from 'Frisco.

Mr. J. E. Chamberlin has not only lost his Anarchism, as I indicate elsewhere, but seems to have lost his knowledge of what Anarchism is. In noticing in the Boston "Transcript" Mrs. Stetson's "Women and Economics" he says that "the tendency of Mrs. Stetson's views is toward philosophical Anarchism." This news will be as astonishing to her as it is to me. Mr. Chamberlin could not have come farther from the mark. Mrs. Stetson's views have no *tendency* whatever, for they have already reached an extreme, and that extreme, far from being Anarchism, is precisely its opposite. Mrs. Stetson is an avowed State Socialist of the most military type,—a Bellamy State Socialist. She is a most charming woman, a most clever woman, a most courageous woman, and, to a certain depth, a most thoughtful woman; but she has decided that she knows how people ought to behave in this world, and she intends to impose upon them, if necessary, her standard of social behavior. She scouts individual liberty as a political principle, and, if she grants it to anybody in anything, it is because it is her good pleasure to do so. And this not in an Egoistic sense, either; for she scouts Egoism also, and regards universal love as an imperative duty. Furthermore, unlike most State Socialists, she has the courage of her diabolical convictions, as I will prove by a little story. Some time ago she was invited to address a gathering of reformers in San Francisco. Among those present was Mr. George Cumming, a San Francisco manufacturer. Mr. Cumming was one of the earliest of the Single Taxers, and afterwards one of the first of the many converts from Single Tax to Anarchism. He is in the habit of asking embarrassing questions, and authoritarians prefer, as a rule, to speak at meetings which he does not attend. When Mrs. Stetson had put the finishing touches to her glowing picture of life *à la* Bellamy, Mr. Cumming arose to ask a question. "But, Mrs. Stetson," said he, "if, after all, I and a few friends of mine should prefer to associate outside the lines of your organization and regulate our lives after a plan of our own, would you allow us to do so, or would you force us into your organization and compel us to support it and obey it?" At first Mrs. Stetson attempted the usual evasion. "Oh!" she answered, "our society would be so beautiful and attractive that it would be madness to withdraw from it. No one would dream of doing so." "It may seem so," persisted Mr. Cumming, who is a Scotchman and not easily evaded, "but some of us, you know, are peculiarly constituted. Just suppose that I and my friends prove blind to the beauties of your society. Again I ask, would you allow us to organize independently, or would you compel us to support and obey your organization?" "Yes," said Mrs. Stetson, decidedly and defiantly, losing for a moment that attractive smile which so frequently plays about her lips, "we would compel you to support us and obey us. Indeed, it was in vindication of that very principle that this nation once spent millions of dollars and sacrificed thousands of lives." "I thank you," said Mr. Cumming, blandly, as he resumed his seat; "you are the only State Socialist that has ever given me a straight answer to that question." Of course, after his campaign with Shafter, this attitude of Mrs. Stetson's cannot seem to Mr. Chamberlin other than perfectly glorious, but I am more than astounded that so intelligent a student should confound it with Anarchism.

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Bi-monthly; Twelve Numbers, 60 Cents; Twenty-four Numbers, $1.00; Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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Office of Publication, 24 Gold Street.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 1312, New York, N. Y.

Entered at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

NEW YORK, N. Y., JULY, 1899.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Liberty and Common Interests.

"The Public," the weekly edited and published at Chicago by Mr. Louis F. Post, a prominent advocate of the Single Tax, ought to be more familiar than it is with the writings and intellectual status of Auberon Herbert. Dealing with a recent article of Mr. Herbert on "Voluntaryism,"—an article which only reiterated the writer's well-known ideas,—Mr. Post naïvely remarked that Mr. Herbert "touched upon a point of vital importance, which is but little understood, and which he himself does not appear to have analyzed with much care." If Mr. Post knew that Voluntaryism is simply Mr. Herbert's preferred synonym for Individualistic Anarchism, he would hardly charge him with having given little study to the question of the limits of individual liberty. At any rate, Mr. Post's magisterial correction of Mr. Herbert's "careless" utterance challenges some comment. What the author of "Voluntaryism"—the term, not the thing—said was this:

> The acts of a majority can only be morally valid as regards those persons who individually consent to accept the decisions of such majority; no peaceable citizen, abiding within the sphere of his own rights and not aggressing upon the life or property of others, can be restricted, or regulated, or dealt with, by an emperor, or king, or his next door neighbors, if such neighbors should happen to be stronger than himself.

Mr. Post observes that this general proposition would be perfectly sound but for *one* omission,—but for the failure to recognize that there are common interests in society as well as individual interests. If there were none but individual interests, there would be no room or warrant for majority rule, for interference with non-aggressive individuals against their consent. But common interests exist and are of great importance, and Mr. Post draws the following deductions from this fact:

> No individual can interfere in common interests without invading his neighbors' rights in those common interests. Yet common interest must be regulated in some way. And here is where the principle of majorities comes properly in. As a convenience, the voice of the majority is arbitrarily accepted as the expression of the whole. To require unanimity would be to refer common questions to the most reactionary individual of the interested group. So long as majorities assume to decide questions of common concern only, they perform a legitimate function. But majorities do frequently invade the domain of individual right, and that is despotism. It is because majorities do this that government by majorities has been justly criticised. But let individual interests and common interests be clearly distinguished, and not only the question of majority government, but other puzzling problems of government also, will find easy solution.

The first statement is loose, and I do not pretend to understand it. Does Mr. Post mean that, in the absence of regulation by the majority, no individual can pursue interests which affect others besides himself without invading the rights of others, even if he be anxious to refrain from such invasion? If he means this, he asserts what is manifestly untrue. He doubtless intends to say that, in the absence of regulation, invasion is *likely*, partly because of ignorance, and partly because of predatory disposition in some individuals. To prevent or reduce such invasion to the minimum, he favors regulation by the majority.

But whence does it follow that majorities perform a legitimate function, and are never despotic, when they decide questions of common concerns only? Despotism is but another term for invasion, and on what ground does Mr. Post assume that majorities always decide common-concern questions wisely and justly? When they do not so decide them, they commit acts of despotism and invasion. Is not invasion of individual rights as likely under majority regulation as under absence of regulation? Certainly Mr. Post cannot ask us to take it for granted that this is not the case. The burden of proof is on him, since he professes to champion individual liberty and justifies majority regulation of common interests only as a matter of "convenience." The presumption, he must admit, is against interference, and to overcome this presumption he must prove the "convenience" beyond a reasonable doubt.

Can he do this? Has anybody ever succeeded in proving that there is less invasion in the aggregate under majority regulation of common concerns than there would be under unanimity and non-interference? Is it reasonable to expect such proof? Does any rational person hold that the majority is wise enough to determine "clearly," first, what are common interests, and, next, what equality of rights prescribes in the matter of regulating those interests? Is it not an annoying disregard of experience and *a priori* reasoning alike to maintain that the majority is wiser than the most intelligent minority? Not that *I* advocate regulation by this minority, but is it not plain that consistency requires Mr. Post, who believes in some regulation in order to minimize invasion, to advocate the rule of the competent and fit rather than majority rule?

Unanimity, he tells us, would in practice reduce itself to reference of common questions "to the most reactionary individual of the interested group." That is, he fears that the reactionary individuals would never be prevailed upon to yield, and, by their veto, would arrest necessary progress. But what happens under majority rule? Is the majority usually led by the most progressive individuals? Does not history—ancient, modern, recent, current—teach us that at the best majorities have to be slowly and laboriously converted to the right view of things by the progressive elements,—the process of conversion being so slow that, as Ibsen says, a truth which the majority accepts is already half a lie, owing to the progress made *during* the minority's painful efforts,—while at the worst the majority overwhelms and defeats the progressive elements, and plunges into reaction and disaster.

Illustrations of a concrete character are scarcely necessary, but the temptation to adduce one which ought to appeal to Mr. Post with peculiar force cannot be resisted. I refer to the Philippine problem. Mr. Post knows what imperialism will entail upon the United States; he knows what respect the annexationists have for the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, the constitution, and the abolition period; he knows that despotism over the Filipinos is simply suicide for the republic. He knows that argument, tradition, sentiment in its noble sense, and true expediency are opposed to imperialism, and that greed, military infatuation, folly, and hypocrisy are arrayed for imperialism. Which side is in the ascendant? Which will win over the majority? Does the majority know its interests? Is it not bamboozled and betrayed by the "most reactionary individuals in the group?"

Real lovers of liberty are not willing to leave the determination of what common interests are, and the regulation of such interests as are admittedly common, to the majority. They deny that "convenience" is subserved by this method. As for the "most reactionary individuals" who would, under the unanimity rule, deliberately or ignorantly place themselves in the path of progress, they are as formidable as Falstaff's men in buckram. The "one man" is a bugaboo, and the alleged fear of him is imaginary. Reactionary individuals there are, but there are effective ways of bringing them to terms that are not in the least incompatible with personal liberty. Has Mr. Post no faith in the efficacy of the boycott? Does he fail to appreciate the influence of public pressure? Few can dispense with the respect and intercourse of their neighbors and fellow-men, and, the freer society is, the more desirable and essential such respect and intercourse are.

It will have been noted that Mr. Post does not define "common interests," because that is not necessary to his general argument. The above criticisms are equally general, and are based upon a tacit recognition of the distinction between individual interests and common interests. Still, it may be asked, in conclusion, whether the distinction itself has any scientific validity. There are very few interests which are not common, and which were not regarded as common, and therefore subject to governmental regulation, at an earlier period in our history. What is more natural than for truly religious people to treat religious interests as the most profoundly common of all? Even in our own day the majority of the civilized peoples believe that an established or State church is a necessity to social order and integrity, and that religious freedom would disintegrate and demoralize society. If religion is an individual interest, as it is in the United States, is it revolutionary to treat education and the protection of property from burglars and thieves as individual interests, to be promoted

by voluntary coöperation? As Bernard Shaw says, certainly the proposition that a man's private judgment is the most trustworthy interpreter of the will of humanity is not a more extreme proposition than the old one about man's private interpretation of the will of God. Chaos and despotism have not resulted from such applications of liberty as have been tried, and it is absolutely gratuitous to assume that they would result from freedom in other and more practical spheres. V. Y.

Why We Don't Reform.

Brown.—I tell you, it's disgraceful the way our public affairs are managed.

Jones.—That's just so. I was reading today about some officials who were asked why they didn't apply the same methods in their private counting-rooms as they did in their public offices; they answered that they ran their own business "on strictly business principles." That's the difference, sure enough.

B.—And, as long as people let them draw their salaries for fooling away the people's money,—to say nothing about sheer stealing,—it's all right. What I can't see is why people let them do it.

J.—Well, you're one of the people; why do you let them do it?

B.—Because I can't turn them out without the help of a majority, and the majority won't vote for reform.

J.—And is it the same way with people who do other business with you? When you get a man to paint your house, does he draw a fat salary for sitting with his hands in his pockets half the time and breaking windows the other half?

B.—Of course not. I don't need the help of any majority to turn off such a man. I'm the majority myself for that.

J.—Then perhaps that's the reason why public officers don't do their work in so business-like a way as private workmen do theirs.

B.—But you can't make it possible for a man like me to turn out a government official by my own individual will, whenever I don't like his way of doing business. The essence of government makes that forever impossible.

J.—Then perhaps the essence of government makes it forever impossible to depend on getting good service from the body of public officials.

B.—Nonsense! Because our government is bad just now, that doesn't prove that all governments have to be bad. There have been lots of governments that have had a good business-like management right along for a long time.

J.—Tell me about one or two of them; I know you're well up in history.

B.—A—um—well—really, I can't think of any just now. Come to think, I don't know as old times were so much better than these, or other countries so much better than America. The really hopeful side of it is the other side. We are working out of the slough of foolishness and corruption that the world has stuck in so long, and, if a good deal of the mud still sticks to us, we can yet see that we are part way out, and have only to keep on in the same way to get clear out.

J.—Then you think we are making times better by changing the old ways?

B.—Of course.

J.—That's good. I was talking with a fellow yesterday who said we mustn't do anything but what had been done ever since the beginning of history.

B.—Oh, nonsense! I believe in reform.

J.—Good thing! But the mud that sticks to us yet is rather frightful, after all.

B.—Oh! it is; but God never meant that we must stay under bad government always.

J.—There are a good many things in the world that God never meant must always be so. But our talk seems to have been running to this,—that, if we get good government, we must get the majority to vote for it, and at present they won't. What do you think is the reason?

B.—Why, I can't believe that they really don't care, though I know that's what many people say. I think they feel that it's no use.

J.—Just as you do; I know you voted the machine ticket last year.

B.—Well, you know the other side had an uncommonly bad man up last year; we had to beat him at any cost. Yet lots of respectable men voted for him; I can't imagine why.

J.—Probably because your side had up such an uncommonly bad man, and they had to beat him at any cost. I've heard you say yourself that your last year's candidate was a rascal.

B.—Um, that's a hard rap; but perhaps I deserve it. And yet, if honest men are to stay out whenever both candidates are bad, that means simply that politics will be thrown altogether into the hands of the worst classes. But you're right in this,—that voting for such men isn't the way to get good government. I declare, I believe I'll make it a rule to vote a reform ticket every year, if I'm the only man in the city that does. That's the way to carry out your idea of turning the man off myself without waiting for the rest to come with me. There was more in what you said then than I thought.

J.—The regular candidate will be awfully sorry not to get your vote, but what he cares most about is his place. Will your voting a reform ticket turn him out of that?

B.—Yes, it will in the long run. Don't you remember how we turned out the ring twelve years ago?

J.—And the ring came back at the next election, didn't it? Now, why was that? Why didn't the majority stand on your side at the second election? It wasn't because they thought they had no chance of success, for the reform party was in power then.

B.—Well, there was a good deal of dissatisfaction with the management of the water-works.

J.—That is, when they saw how the reform administration did business, the majority concluded that they preferred the ring. And so it has been from the beginning.

B.—That's pretty bad. You know the result of an election doesn't depend wholly on public opinion, but partly on the work the parties do; and our side didn't work so hard that year. You see, these men who are in politics for money work hard at every election for their living, and invest money in elections because they know they'll get it back, while disinterested workers get tired out.

J.—You seem to be taking back the explanation you made a minute ago, which I thought had a deal of truth in it. But take the explanation you give now; I say again, so it has been from the beginning. You've brought it down now to a fundamental principle of human nature, which always has worked out in this way, and will have the same occasion to work out so as long as politics lasts. Your only hope is to change human nature. Do you expect, then, to reform government by changing human nature, while the nature of government still makes stealing the most profitable thing in politics?

B.—You're a pessimist. We can do that, if there's no other way. And I don't know but that's what we must come to. I'll double my subscription to the home missionary society.

J.—One other thing, though. Human nature is the same in everything else that it is in government, isn't it?

B.—Yes.

J.—And we started to talk of why it is that government is so different from other businesses as to efficiency in management. Do men, with their human nature, ever go into other businesses in this same way, undertaking jobs for which they are incompetent, neglecting the work they are paid to attend to, working hard to get into positions of trust so that they may steal?

B.—Lots of them do.

J.—Then why isn't other business just as full of the same results? Why does government have more scandals than all the rest together?

B.—Because a private business managed that way always goes to pieces, and generally pretty quick.

J.—And that is because each of the customers of such a business can stop supporting it when he thinks best to stop.

B.—Yes.

J.—Then the cause of the greater corruption and inefficiency in government, as compared with other business, is this fact which you have spoken of,—that the people who pay the politician can't drop off one at a time, like customers in other business, and the only way to cut off his pay is to turn him out altogether at an election; so that his pay doesn't depend half so much on doing his work well as on attending carefully to his election.

B.—Yes, I guess that old story of yours is at the root of it.

J.—Now, haven't you heard that the way to cure an evil is to remove the cause?

B.—Yes.

J.—And you've heard of the idiot asylum where it was customary to test people for discharge by setting them to bail out a trough which had a stream from a faucet running in. Whether they were idiots was decided by seeing whether they stopped the tap. It follows, then, that the way to cure political corruption is to give the individual taxpayer power to cut off his support from officials who don't satisfy him.

B.—But that can't be done.

J.—Now *you're* the pessimist.

B.—At least, I don't see how.

J.—Neither did those who were not discharged from the asylum. But you're not so stupid as you think you are. You simply haven't gone at it with the determination that it shall be so. Just settle it in your mind first

that this condition must be fulfilled,—imagine that this has been adopted as an amendment to the State constitution, and you have to put up with it whether you like it or not,—and in half an hour you can give yourself a pretty complete account of how you and your neighbors can get along very well under such an arrangement, human nature being just as it is.

B.—I'm glad you think me so gifted.

J.—It isn't half so hard as some things I've seen you do. Just imagine yourself compelled, without your option, to live under this rule, and it will all come clear. And you are compelled to it, if you mean to have a business-like administration of public affairs.

Stephen T. Byington.

Arma Virumque Cano.

If you want to see what effect war has, even on a man who ought to be above its evil influences, you should study the case of my friend, Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. In the newspaper world he is one of the best men that I know. Years ago, and quite unexpectedly to himself, and almost against his will, he became, perforce of logic and fairness of mind, a convert to the philosophy of Anarchism. A curiosity as to the adherents of the doctrine brought him into contact with it, and, before he knew it, it had taken firm possession of him. It would not be quite true to say that "he came to scoff and remained to pray," for he is of too gentle and tolerant a nature to scoff at anything. But it is absolutely true that he came a *dilettante* and departed a devotee. *So* true is this that, at the time, he took the pains to write me a letter of some length, declaring that at last he found himself settled in a political faith which he felt to be grounded in the eternal verities; that henceforth the principle of equal liberty, as expounded by Anarchism, would be his political guiding star: and that his only perplexity was as to the best method of fighting for his faith,—whether to follow my plan of open warfare, assailing the citadel of tyranny from without, or to remain within and insidiously undermine it. And he added that he had concluded to follow the latter course. Of course I had my opinion as to the wisdom of his decision, but, if my memory serves me, I did not give it to him in any decided fashion. I was too delighted at securing his coöperation in any form to be disposed to be critical. But I watched the outcome; and I must confess that sometimes I have felt a little shaken. Do you know the Boston "Transcript," my dear reader, and have you been familiar for the last ten years with its "Listener?" If not, you have missed much. That "Listener" is Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, and under the name he has made himself famous throughout the land for the keenness and delicacy of his observation of men and nature and things and institutions. Frequent in the "Listener's" column has been the Anarchistic note, sounded insidiously, to be sure, in accordance with his privately-declared intention, but sounded clearly, unmistakably, vigorously, intelligently, to those who knew it, and only the more potently, perhaps, to those who knew it not. Often the deft insinuation with which he pointed his Anarchistic moral led me to query whether, after all, he had not chosen the better way. And at any rate it was always with delight that I watched him at his work. Since my departure from Boston seven years ago I have not been able to follow him as closely as before, but now and then chance has brought me cheering evidence that he was still intent on sapping the foundations of the citadel.

It was with some surprise, then, that in the spring of 1898 I learned that Mr. Chamberlin had become the "Transcript's" correspondent from Cuban battle-fields. What is the meaning of this? I wondered. Why is it that the "Listener" refuses to listen longer to the birds and the waves and the breezes and the voices and the clamor and the intellectual strife on the never-silent shores of the Old Bay State, and goes instead to Cuba to listen to the Mausers?

He goes perhaps, thought I, to witness governmental corruption and cruelty and crime at their worst, and thus to lay in a fresh store of mental dynamite for his undermining operations.

And I hoped.

Or he goes perhaps, thought I again, as a *dilettante.*

And I feared—feared lest he might return a devotee.

Alas! my hope is shattered, my fear realized! A devotee he has returned. He is enamored of militarism to his heart's core. To him it is the thing that makes men holy. In his eyes the soldier is the incarnation of all the virtues, save that of common honesty. To sustain his new theory he finds it necessary to admit, and even to maintain, that the soldier is an inveterate and inexhaustible liar, but otherwise he champions him as a paragon of saintliness, whose arm is the arm of justice, whose voice is the voice of mercy, and whose soul is the soul of sympathy and pity. Now the "Listener's" ear is ever on the alert for soldiers' tales of atrocities committed at the seat of war, and no sooner does he hear one than he cries out: This man is a liar; soldiers commonly are liars; they are fond of hearing themselves talk; they love to boast of the horrors with which they delight to charge themselves; there are no horrors; I was at Cuba, and I saw none; on the contrary, I saw on every hand only kindliness and tenderness and beauty; what other men say they saw, and say they did, is not to the point; what I say I did not see is alone conclusive, and it proves that the soldier is but a slight remove from an angel.

But, dear "Listener," what has become of your guiding-star, the star of liberty? You must have lost track of it in the political firmament. Do you not see that, if the American soldier is what you say he is, one of two things follows? Either he is an angel because he has not been a soldier long enough to make him a devil; and in that case you have no occasion to denounce those newspapers which use the reports of his deviltry as texts from which to preach against war; for these reports, if falsehoods now, must eventually become truths if the war lasts long enough, and you, as a literary critic, know that the lesson of such fiction as must become fact is as valid as the lesson of fact itself. Or else he is an angel because war has made him angelic; and in that case war is not hell, but heaven, and Anarchy is not heaven, but hell. For war, even defensive war waged to secure liberty, is in itself, by the very nature of the conditions necessary to its successful conduct, the antithesis of liberty, the enforcement of despotism, the submission of all engaged in it to the relationship of master and slave. If such relationship is ennobling to human character, then the philosophy of liberty is fundamentally erroneous. But, if, on the other hand, it is debasing to human character, turning men into brutes, then you, Mr. Chamberlin, in throwing your influence against the party which maintains that such is its effect, are no longer sapping, but strengthening, the foundations of the citadel.

My doubts, then, are all removed. I am now reassured in my original conviction that Mr. Chamberlin did not choose the better way. He has been overtaken by the fate that overtakes, sooner or later, all who fight from within. Instead of influencing, they are sure, in the end, to be influenced and overborne by their surroundings. The song of the Mauser, in some form or other, becomes their song of the Sirens, luring them upon the rocky isles. Ah! my dear Chamberlin, why am I not possessed of the lyre of Orpheus that I might drown their cursed strains, and thus save you to sail the open sea with our little band of Argonauts, still guided by the star of liberty in *our* quest of the Golden Fleece?

T.

The modern prodigal son, on seating himself at the family feast in honor of his return, remarked to his progenitor as he examined the contents of a seemingly well-filled plate: "Evidently you have killed the freak—the chicken with four necks." I sincerely hope that no returning prodigal may bring such joy to the household of C. L. Swartz as to cause him to slaughter sacrificially the latest freak in literature—the paper with four names. For that is what "I" has become. "I," "The Free Comrade," "Fair Play," and "Calamus Leaves,"—these four in one: but the greatest of these is still "I." Yet "I," by this participation in a newspaper trust, is sure to lose something of its individuality, something of its I-ness—if not in reality, at least in the minds of its readers. If there is a paper in the land that ought not to become We, that paper is "I." However interesting the combination may prove, it cannot become influential. To be influential, a paper must stand apart, by itself, *for something.* For lack of this the magazines, even the formerly great English magazines, have degenerated into mere repositories, some sensational, some vapid, but none guided by a master hand in pursuit of a definite policy. In this new combination there are fundamentally discordant elements—I refer especially to Swartz and Lloyd—which are already tending to produce obscurity. And by this obscurity it is the stronger that suffers. Swartz cannot obscure Lloyd, for Lloyd is obscure already. But the clear outlines of the clean-cut Swartz, beside whom, intellectually, Lloyd is a mere infant-in-arms, are bound to be dimmed, in many readers' minds, by the cloudiness of the Lloyd environment. In any discussion between the two the thoughtful reader is almost sure to see that Swartz is right, but this will not alter the fact that the union of "I" and "The Free Comrade" cannot constitute a telling unit in the world's work. And this is a great pity, for

Swartz is revealing a lucidity and penetration of mind that entitle him to an influence in the world. But I suppose the combination was necessary to the continuance of "I," and so I wish it a long life; for "I" in combination is preferable to "I" dead. P. S.—it may be well to electrotype a line for use over future advertisements of Liberty: WE ARE NOT IN THE TRUST.

Judging from the growth of Liberty's subscription list, there is no city in the United States in which Anarchism is spreading more rapidly than in Cleveland, Ohio. And I find another evidence of this in a pamphlet which has recently come to me from that city. It is entitled "The Relation of Anarchism to Organization," the name of the author is Fred Schulder, and the publisher is Horace E. Carr, a Cleveland printer and one of Liberty's very old friends. The essay that constitutes this pamphlet was read by Mr. Schulder before the Franklin Club, of Cleveland, on September 18, 1898. It is very clearly reasoned, and shows incontrovertibly that Anarchism, while destructive in itself, is a distinct encouragement to all useful constructive enterprise and associative effort. Of all the errors concerning Anarchism none is more widespread or more deeply rooted than that which stamps it as hostile to association, and therefore Mr. Schulder's paper meets a need. The only flaw in it I find in a groundless distinction between property in land and property in labor product. The author claims that we hold product by virtue of labor and exchange, and that we hold non-product, or land, by virtue of common agreement. I cannot admit this. It is only by common agreement for defence that we securely hold anything, whether product or non-product. That common agreement is—or will be, under Anarchism—to defend labor and exchange titles to product, and occupancy and use titles to non-product. The pamphlet can be procured of me; price, ten cents a copy.

Rev. M. J. Savage, the Unitarian clergyman, has been much concerned, of late years, regarding the question of a future life, and he seems to have found in Spiritualism a solution of his doubts. But, in endeavoring to make Spiritualism palatable to his congregation, he is resorting to arguments that have a strange sound on the lips of a preacher of professedly liberal tendencies. To make his rich hearers see the importance of a good foundation for a belief in immortality, he reminded them in a recent sermon that the masses, having read Darwin and Spencer and therefore no longer believing in bugaboo gods and devils, are saying to the *bourgeoisie* that they intend to be no longer put off to a doubtful future for their share of the comforts of life. "And, when the great teeming millions," added Dr. Savage, "come to hold a creed like that, all the institutions of society will be only flotsam and jetsam on the tide of a flood such as never has been dreamed of before." What does this mean? Is it anything less than a preacher's suggestion to millionaire pew-holders that they should give the poor indisputable proof of a hereafter in order not to lose their power to exact from the poor the lion's share of the comforts of life? Just make the wretches believe that there is a happy future in store for them, says this Christian minister to the money-changers in his temple, and you can continue to rob them in the present to your hearts' content. What could be more ignoble?

In reviewing a book which merits no review, J. Wm. Lloyd says of it: "Those who are sure that children and fools have no rights can here see their logic carried out to its clean conclusion that the weak have no rights." Which suggests to me the thought that those who are sure that fools have no rights can see in the sentence just quoted their logic carried out to its clean conclusion that Lloyd has no rights. For I should not like to attribute to anything worse than foolishness (if there be anything worse than foolishness) Lloyd's seeming ignorance of the fact that those who contend that children and fools have no rights have always and avowedly based their contention upon the more fundamental contention that the weak have no rights. This mistaking of premise for conclusion, and this impudent assumption, in the face of all my brutal declarations, that I was not aware of my own brutality and have had to have it pointed out to me by one whose ignorance of the logic of Egoism parallels Lloyd's, are due to that peculiar visual and visionary faculty of which Lloyd is poetically proud, and for the lack of which he holds me in scorn—the faculty of "overlooking." If he would cultivate the habit of looking into things and under things, instead of simply looking over them, he might learn something in time.

The new book by Octave Mirbeau, "Le Jardin des Supplices," from which I give an extract on another page, is from end to end a telling blow, or a series of telling blows, for liberty. To all intents and purposes Mirbeau is an Anarchist, and, being perhaps the greatest satirist living as well as a perfect master of the French tongue, his work for Anarchy is unique. You may see it in the dedication of his new work: "To the Priests, the Judges, the Soldiers, the Men, who teach, direct, and govern men, I dedicate these pages of Murder and of Blood." It is the story of a man of the world who, disgusted with politics and social institutions, seeks distraction in travel, during which he meets a beautiful young woman who almost reconciles him to humanity. But she proves to be an erotomaniac, in whom passion for the flesh is intimately associated with passion for blood and delight in human suffering. In the course of their travels she initiates him into all the mysteries and monstrosities of the world, and the recounting thereof is Mirbeau's vehicle for a satire on civilization. Unfortunately, in the present prurient state of the Anglo-Saxon mind, this masterpiece cannot be published in the English language by one who has no desire to wear a martyr's crown.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson, in her interesting book, "Women and Economics," is surer of nothing than that evolution has proved monogamy to be the perfect form of sex-relation. I cannot share her confidence. Evolution, in its time, you see, has proved so many things. And it is in its very nature to keep on proving. You never know when it has stopped. Some thousands of years ago evolution had proved polygamy to be the perfect form of sex-relation. Of evolution the most that we can say is: "Thus far." Mrs. Stetson is presumptuous in saying: "No farther."

E. C. Walker declares in "Fair Play" that there is "not one paper in America which dares say all that its editor deems to be the truth." I must ask Mr. Walker either to point out that part of what I deem to be the truth which Liberty dare not say, or else to tender to this journal his respectful apology.

"Tell me less of my mistakes and more of your discoveries," says J. Wm. Lloyd. And in the very next sentence he proceeds to tell me of my mistakes and his discoveries. "You mind your business, and I'll mind yours"—that's Lloyd's motto. He ought to get Gordak to engrave it for him.

One of Liberty's earliest recruits, John G. McLaughlin, of Scammon, Kansas, has printed an open letter to certain coal-mining corporations in Kansas and adjoining States, in which he tells them some plain truths about capital and labor. He will send five copies to any address for five cents.

Opponents of trusts should remember that the right to refuse to compete is as valid as the right to compete.

No Odor to Truth.

[Julien Benda, in "Les Droits de l'Homme."]

"Take the case of Pierre Vaux. His cause was good, but, as he had no money, he found no one to take it up."

"That proves," I answered, "that, however good a cause may be, if it offers no money it stands a good chance of finding no defender. It does not prove that a cause which pays its defenders is necessarily bad."

"Pardon me. We must understand what you mean by 'paying its defenders.' Do you mean a lawyer's reasonable fees? Evidently that never discredited a cause. But you know very well that the Dreyfus family" . . . .

"Has given twenty millions to Labori, as many to Zola, as many to Jaurès, etc. I do not know that any more than you do; but I grant it. What consequences do you draw therefrom?"

"That all these people have sold themselves."

"That is not a consequence; that is the same truth stated in other terms. And then? As they have sold themselves" . . . .

"They lose all authority."

"The deduction is correct."

"You find that correct, but it does not prevent you from deciding that they are right."

"Certainly it does not prevent me. It is not a question of authority; it is a question of arguments."

My man is running yet.

Decidedly the French are still the people who denied that Wagner was a great composer, because he had insulted France; it seems to me that they have even progressed in that direction, since we now see a party which, by trying to demonstrate that Zola's father was a dishonest man, hoped to invalidate the assertions of the son, and, by trying to make people believe that Picquart is given to unnatural practices, pretends to annihilate the effect of his arguments.

To discuss the moral qualities of the people who offer you the result of an intellectual effort,—that is the stupidity which deprives a society of the fruit of intelligent controversy. To welcome the conclusions of a man because he is incorruptible is to open the way of an honest imbecile to political influence.

Will the time ever come when an orator will be able to say to an assembly, without being hissed: "Gentlemen, I am a very dishonest and very immoral man; I have been convicted of an assault on public morals; I will not conceal from you the fact that, to sustain the present cause, I have received several billion louis. This being understood, I present for your consideration the following arguments." . . . .

* * * * and $ $ $ $.

"When Freedom on her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there."

Now Freedom sees this standard borne
Against herself, and Freedom sighs,
And wishes back to pillaged skies
Her stars by freemen's bullets torn.

Had she foreseen our Jingo lines
Charging the Tagals in a war of greed,
She would have better known our need,
And decked the flag with dollar signs.

James J. Dooling.

The Ballot in Colorado.

Colorado, it is well known, reached the goal of the equal suffragists' movement sometime since. It came panting up to the line long enough ago for the thinkers to determine how much that has been hoped for on the one hand, and feared on the other, has been fulfilled. Women actually vote here, attend primaries, make up "slates," pull wires and are pulled by them, wield "influence," and are, in every political way, man's equal. The polls on election day look immensely like any other place where men and women are wont to gather. Women stand in groups talking over the situation, men and women mingle in a business-like way, and women alternate with men in the voting stalls, preparing their ballots, and acting as judges of election, clerks, watchers, deputy sheriffs, etc. They drive up in carriages, and step airily out, trim and tailor made, to brush against the shabby shawl of a sister politician. They breathe the same air. Aristocrat and plebeian, respectable and outcast, go through the same performance, and alike regard it as immensely important. All this, and the heavens do not fall. The babies are still nursed in Colorado, buttons are still sewn on, dinners are cooked, and husbands' whims are considered. Women are not more corrupted meeting their husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons at the polls than meeting them elsewhere; families are not "broken up" more often than in other States; and women are no more "mannish" with a piece of paper in their hands which they are privileged to deposit in a ballot-box than when holding a darning needle. Somebody has gotten up a comical play in which all the petty calamities of equal suffrage befall the characters; where the pretty wife of a millionaire becomes his political rival; where her failure to sew on a button properly and to prepare the dinner is laid to her political ambitions. But this doesn't count. In Colorado the extra counting of votes is accepted as a matter of course, and socially there is no appreciable difference between the old time and the new.

But have the claims of the earnest advocates of equal suffrage been in any degree realized?

What marvellous things have been hoped for and promised when women should share in the law making departments of their country! Crime and poverty should cease, intemperance be abolished, equality before the law should be established, politics itself should become purified. Man made government was the one source of all social evils, and, with its disappearance, the evils would vanish. Alas for the hopes of these sincere, old-world reformers! There are no startling changes for the better in the equal suffrage States. There is probably more political corruption in Denver than in any other city of its size in the United States. The originality of schemers, the frank boldness with which "deals" are made, are positively admirable; there is genius in their conception. The number of "reform parties" which blossom out in brand-new offices, shining desks, and easy committee-rooms is astonishing. The ease with which they exist, or the causelessness of their sudden disappearances, is startling to the innocent outsider. New offices are strangely created and filled by the most impossible people. The hard worked legislature passes more bills than any lawyer can keep track of, and nobody knows their effect,—only that taxes are higher each year and the law-making machinery more and more expensive. We pay dearly for our legislation, but we get plenty of it. We scarcely know how it is done, but we find the law poking its finger into our drinking-glass, our medicine-cup, our nursery, our kitchen, our reading-room, and, of course, our business generally. And still we clamor for more laws to regulate this or that evil, never stopping to think that the evils of which we complain are the results of laws that have been passed, and could be remedied more quickly by wiping the slate clean than by any other process. We have equal suffrage—and the invasions of individual liberty are proportionately greater. The equal suffragists have yet to learn that a weapon of invasion cannot become an instrument of liberty merely by being doubled up.

Lizzie M. Holmes.

Aphorisms from Nietzsche.

[Nietzsche's works originated largely during walks in the open, *en plein air*. In note-books he roughly jotted down his thoughts as they came to him on his wanderings, and later expanded and recast them in literary form for publication. But there are entire note-books filled with original thoughts and observations which Nietzsche unfortunately never came to "work over" and publish. These note-books, now deposited in the Nietzsche-Archiv at Weimar, constitute a mine of thought of extraordinary wealth, and, thanks to his sister, Frau Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, and his relative, Dr. Fritz Koegel, they have now been brought out in several volumes and made accessible to the public in general. It is from these volumes that I translate for Liberty the following aphorisms, which, if they lack Nietzsche's finishing touches, are nevertheless as effective as those published under his immediate supervision.—G. S.]

We are entering upon the age of *Anarchy:* which is at the same time the age of the most intellectual and freest individuals. Immense mental force is being put in motion. The age of geniuses: hitherto delayed by custom, morality, etc.

At bottom all civilizations share that profound fear of the "great man" which the Chinese alone have confessed in the maxim: "The great man is a public calamity." At bottom all institutions are made to the end that he should arise as seldom as possible and develop under the most unfavorable conditions. What wonder! The little people have provided for their own, for the little people!

A minimum of State! Without its traditional compulsion I should have had a better education, one suited to my nature, and saved the energy which is wasted in freeing one's self. If things about us should become fraught a little with danger, so much the better. I like to live circumspectly and warlike. It is the business men who would make this easy chair of State so attractive to us; they now rule the whole world with their philosophy. The "industrial" State is not my choice, as it is the choice of Spencer.* I wish myself to be the State as much as possible; I have so many expenditures and incomes, so many needs, so much to communicate. At the same time poor and without desire for positions of honor; also without admiration for military glory. I know on what rocks these States will split, on the *non-plus-ultra* State of the Socialists: I am its foe, and even in the present State I hate it. I shall endeavor to live serenely and becomingly, even in prison. The great complaints about human misery do not move me to join in the cries of woe, but to say: *there you are wanting*, you do not know how to live as a person, and have no wealth and no love of dominion to oppose to privation.† Statistics prove that people are *becoming more alike*,—that is, that———

Egoism is a late growth and still rare; the gregarious instincts are stronger and older. For instance, man still *rates* himself as high as others rate him (vanity). He still wants *equal* rights with the others, and takes satisfaction in the thought thereof, even when he treats men alike (which surely is very much at variance with the justice of the *suum cuique!*) He does not at all consider himself as something new, but strives to acquire the opinions of the ruling classes; he also educates his children to this end. It is the *preliminary stage* to egoism, no antithesis to it: man really *is* not yet more *individuum* and *ego;* as a function of the whole he feels *his* existence still most vividly and most justified. Therefore he submits to control over himself, by parents, teachers, castes, rulers, in order to arrive at a sort of *self respect*,—even in love he is rather the controlled than the controller. Obedience, duty, appear to him as "morality,"—that is, he *glorifies* his gregarious instincts by picturing them as *severe virtues*.—Also in the *awakened* individual the primitive order of the gregarious instincts is still all powerful and connected with the *good* conscience. The Christian, with his *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, is *cruel* against the opponents of the Christian flock; the citizen of the State inflicts terrible penalties upon the criminal, not as an *ego*, but from the old instinct; the *deed* of cruelty, of murder, of slavery (prison), does not offend him as soon as he looks at it from the viewpoint of the gregarious instinct.—All the more liberal people of the Middle Ages believed that, above all things, the gregarious instinct must be upheld, that in *this* respect the rare individual must practise deception, that without shepherds and the belief in general laws all would go topsy-turvy.* We no longer believe this,—because we have seen that the *fellowship of the herd* is so strong that ever and always it prevails over all the liberties of thought! For the *ego* is *still very rare.* The demand for the State, for social establishments, for churches, etc., has not grown weaker: see the wars! and the nations!

Egoism is *still* infinitely weak! The term is applied to the effects of the herd-forming instincts, very loosely. One is greedy and piles up fortunes (instinct of family, of the tribe); another is dissolute *in Venere*, another vain (rating himself according to the standard of the herd); we talk about the egoism of the conqueror, of the statesman, etc.,—they think only of themselves, but of "themselves" insofar as the *ego* is developed by the idea of the herd. Egoism of mothers, of teachers. Only see how few thoroughly question: *why* do you live here? *why* do you associate with him? how did you come to have this religion? what effect has this or that diet on you? Is this house built for *you?* etc. Nothing is rarer than the *defining* of the *ego* to ourselves. The *prejudice* prevails that we *know* the *ego*, that it *does not fail* to constantly manifest itself; but hardly any labor or thought is devoted to *it*,—as if for self knowledge an intuition relieved us of all original work!

Egoism has been libeled by those who practised it (communities, rulers, party leaders, founders of religion, philosophers like Plato); they needed the opposite sentiment among the people who were to exercise their *function*.—Where an age, a people, a city stand forth, it is always because their egoism has become conscious of itself and no longer fears any means (is *no longer ashamed* of itself). Wealth of individuals is wealth of such people as are no longer ashamed of what is peculiar to them and differentiates them from others. When a people becomes proud and seeks opponents, it grows in power and goodness.—As against this to glorify unselfishness! and admit, like Kant, that probably *never* was a deed of unselfishness done! Only in order to depreciate the opposite principle, to lower its effect, to make men feel cold and contemptuous of egoism, to make them mentally lazy concerning it!—For it has hitherto been the want of fine methodical egoism which has kept mankind as a whole on so low a plane! *Equality* is regarded as binding and worthy of striving after! The [illegible] is abroad a false notion of harmony and peace as the *most useful* condition.† In truth, everything requires a strong *antagonism*,—marriage, friendship, the State, federal unions, corporations, scientific societies, religion,‡— in order that something good may arise. Resistance is the form of *force*, in peace as in war; consequently there must be different and not equal forces, for these would hold each other in equilibrium.

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* Of course "the industrial State" is not the choice of Spencer. Spencer's choice is the industrial state—a quite different thing.—*Editor Liberty.*

† Here we see Nietzsche's dreadful weakness. What an ideal!—that I, a producer, must want to be somebody's boss as a condition of enjoying my product! It is such stuff as this that makes me hate Nietzsche at times. He is no Anarchist, whatever he may *say;* he, too, wants a State.—*Editor Liberty.*

* But what are Nietzsche's Over-Men but shepherds, and of the most cruel and pitiless type?—*Editor Liberty.*

† And certainly peace is a most useful and desirable condition, unless peace be defined as the exclusion of competition.—*Editor Liberty.*

‡ And does Nietzsche insist on a strong antagonism, in order that marriage, the State, and religion may endure?—*Editor Liberty.*

Irrelevancies.

I can never quite forgive Bernard Shaw for treating passion as a "fiery purgation," or for his persistence in distinguishing between it and "the higher love." What is there incompatible between passion and any height of love? I like Welsh's characterization of Maggie Tulliver as "high hearted, musically attuned to all that is beautiful and heroic." Did she lower her heart when she loved Stephen Guest? What is there needed, other than an entire reconstruction of society, to make this passion for Stephen of as high a quality as her love for Philip? It may be that in society, while we are in it, nothing can be quite so good with us that has been labelled "bad." Perhaps the man or woman who is under a ban never quite rises to his own native height. A discountenanced, disapproved love—although it may burn with a fiercer flame—may yet miss much of its own distinctive essence in consequence of the pressure unjustly laid upon it by a social mass filled with a sense of injury.

What was there, in the eternal nature of things, to prevent Maggie from yielding herself to her love for both Philip and Stephen? What a pleasant life hers might have been, could the new phase of affection have added a cumulative force to the unfoldment of her being! Need it have marred the deep, quiet tenderness inspired by Philip's gentle insistence on her breaking away from the utter stagnation and barrenness of her existence, from her absorbing self-crucifixion? If our earth had reached the height of the old Bible heaven, and there were absolutely "no marrying nor giving in marriage," what might not the fruition of her deep heart have offered to her world! Could it not have been a beautiful life, instead of a tragic denial of all life, if Maggie Tulliver might have listened to her heart and followed it as simply as she would if it had drawn her close to any other being,—to a woman, say, or to a child?

That "all the world loves a lover" is not true of one of us. I, personally, do not. There are a great many lovers whom I do not love. Nevertheless I am most intensely in love with love. And perhaps this is what all the world loves, after all. The desire to find both reality and fervor in love is universal. We all demand that, however quiet the feeling, there shall be enthusiasm in it—all the enthusiasm of the former *grande passion* without its complication of violence and torment. Perhaps the violence of the emotion may be trusted to disappear with the proprietary epoch. Everyone resents being loved without passion, whether by man or woman. The sexual is only one expression of passion—but passion there must be. Affection, tenderness, enthusiasm, an earnest desire to understand, these must make the elements of the *grande passion* of the future, before the then world can love a lover. Philip's love for Maggie was as truly a *grande passion* as Stephen's. Both would have their recognition in a more comprehensive plan of life.

George Eliot once wrote of religion: "The great thing to teach is reverence—reverence for the hard-won inheritance of the ages." And there can be no doubt that a vital part of this inheritance of the ages was to her a recognition of "the sacredness of the marriage vow." How could she firmly set it aside in her own case, and afterwards write "The Mill on the Floss"? How could she be so unrelenting about an engagement vow? John Bryant said that her sense of duty was based entirely on the happiness or misery-bringing effects of an act on others. Why did the author of "The Mill on the Floss" choose a situation in which Maggie's strong, heroic action, her entire self-renunciation, was the only course possible to a nature affectionally noble? Nothing else could Maggie have done and been Maggie. But how could George Eliot delight in this? Why did she not renounce, for herself and for Lewes, their mutual need of love, of companionship, of home? Such self-effacement would have brought less wretchedness than is pictured in all the lives involved in Maggie's fate. Why could not George Eliot have drawn one free breath, relaxed the tension of her moral judgment, and abandoned herself to a dream of what might be under a new order of life, in which liberty, rather than renunciation, were to be held as "the one thing needful"?

There is more vehemence of passion in "The Mill on the Floss" than in "What's To Be Done?" but the calm power of waiting is not there. Stephen acts rashly and weakly; Maggie drifts a little, yields a little to the love that has grown to be an imperative need; but no one brings calm thought, the self-reserve of waiting power, the force to refrain from acting in a crisis when no step can be safely taken, as does Lopoukhoff. His perfect command of the quality of friendship, his fortitude when the necessity for pain is clearly manifest, form the essence of his heroism. No one except Philip shows any quietness of strength in "The Mill on the Floss." Lopoukhoff's act is based on nothing less than the definite need of it. His resolution is taken only after he is quite sure that "there is no way but this." And "the hard won inheritance of the ages" is not admitted as a factor in his problem. He trusts entirely his own perceptions, his own reasoning, his own wishes. The inheritance of the ages to which the man of the latest thought can give heed is not yet won at all.

One feels the lack of the egoistic impulse in "Woman and Economics." Mrs. Stetson considers the race too much. She waits on evolution, and half denies woman her share in it. The race will take care of itself, if we take care of ourselves. It is too much to ask us to be resigned, because the race has taken care of itself at our expense. If we do not enjoy tyranny, let us make for liberty, and leave the blind instincts of the race to themselves. The race has stumbled on to where it now stands by the help of, and in spite of, the slavery of woman. How far this evolution has been by the help of, and how far in spite of, no one is wise enough to comprehend. Women can never be free, under the most favorable conditions, until they first have the courage of their desire for freedom. Freedom *is* life, and, in a certain sense, all human beings desire it. But women constantly hold this desire in check, subjugate it to their ideals. Under present conditions, most workers are slaves, and from this slavery woman cannot free herself. But her special servitude is inseparable from the ideals which Mrs. Stetson still holds.

"The sum of the matter is that, unless woman repudiates her womanliness, her duty to her husband, to her children, to society, to the law, and to everyone but herself, she cannot emancipate herself. But her duty to herself is no duty at all, since a debt is cancelled when the debtor and creditor are the same person. . . . . . Therefore woman has to repudiate duty altogether. In that repudiation lies her freedom; for it is false to say that woman is now directly the slave of man: she is the immediate slave of duty; and, as man's path to freedom is strewn with the wreckage of the duties and ideals he has trampled on, so must hers be. . . . . . A whole basketful of ideals of the most sacred quality will be smashed by the achievement of equality for women and men." Bertha Marvin.

The Explorer.

The following is a translation of a few pages from a new and very notable book by Octave Mirbeau, entitled "Le Jardin des Supplices" (The Garden of Tortures):

Miss Clara attracted, excited many men; she had always about her a court of passionate adorers. I was not jealous, being certain that she looked upon them as ridiculous and that she preferred me to all the others. Among the most fervent were a French explorer, who was on his way to the Malay peninsula to study the copper mines there, and an English officer, whom we had taken on at Aden and who was returning to his post at Bombay. They were, each in his own way, two dense, but very amusing, brutes, of whom Clara was fond of making sport. The explorer never tired of telling of his recent journeys through central Africa. As for the English officer, a captain in an artillery regiment, he tried to dazzle us by descriptions of his inventions in gunnery.

One evening, after dinner, on the bridge, we had all gathered about Clara, who was reclining delightfully in a rocking-chair. Some were smoking cigarettes, others were dreaming. All of us had at heart the same desire for Clara; and all, with the same ardent thought of possession, followed the to and fro motion of two little feet encased in two little pink slippers, which, in the rocking of the chair, emerged from the perfumed calyx of her skirts like the pistils of flowers. We said nothing. And the night was of a fairy-like mildness. The vessel glided voluptuously over the sea as over silk. Said Clara to the explorer, in a mischievous voice:

"Then it is no joke? You have really eaten human flesh?"

"Why, certainly!" he answered, proudly, and in a tone that established his indisputable superiority to the rest of us. "It was very necessary. One eats what he has."

"How does it taste?" she asked, in a tone of slight disgust.

He thought for a moment; then, with a vague gesture, he said:

"*Mon Dieu!* how shall I explain it to you? Fancy, adorable Miss, fancy the flesh of a pig slightly pickled in walnut oil" . . . .

And, with a careless air of resignation, he added:

"It is not very good. A *gourmet* would not eat it for pleasure. I prefer mutton, you know, or beefsteak."

"Evidently!" consented Clara.

And, as if desiring, out of politeness, to lessen the horror of this cannibalism, she entered upon distinctions:

"Undoubtedly because you ate only negro flesh?"

"Negro?" he cried, with a start. "Pah! Luckily, dear Miss, I was not reduced to that stern necessity. We never lacked white men, thank God! Our escort was numerous, consisting largely of Europeans—Marseillais, Germans, Italians—a little of everything. When we were too hungry, we slaughtered one of the escort—preferably a German. The German, divine Miss, is fatter than men of other races, and so yields more meat. And besides, for us Frenchmen, that is one German less. The Italian is dry and hard. He is full of nerves."

"And the Marseillais?" queried I, interrupting.

"Pooh!" declared the traveller, shaking his head, "the Marseillais is much overrated. He smells of garlic, and also—I don't know why—of grease. I can scarcely call him food for a feast. Just edible, that's all!"

Turning to Clara, with protesting gestures he insisted:

"But negro flesh, never! I believe I should have vomited. I have known people who had eaten it. It made them sick. The negro is not comestible. In some cases, I assure you, he is even poisonous."

But, out of scruple, he made a qualification:

"After all, one has to be an expert, as with mushrooms. Perhaps the negroes of India can be eaten?"

"No," affirmed the English officer, in a curt and categorical tone, that closed, amid laughter, this culinary discussion, which was beginning to turn my stomach.

The explorer, a little out of countenance, resumed:

"No matter! In spite of all these petty annoyances, I am very glad to be going back again. In Europe I am sick; I do not live; I don't know where to go. In Europe I feel like a beast in a cage. There is no elbow room. It is impossible to stretch one's arms, to open one's mouth, without clashing with stupid prejudices, imbecile laws, iniquitous morals! Last year, charming Miss, I was walking in a wheat-field. With my cane I was beating down the ears about me. It amused me: I have a right to do what I please, have I not? A peasant ran up, shouting and insulting me, and ordered me to leave his field! Incomprehensible! What would you have done in my place? I struck him on the head three times with my cane—vigorous blows. He fell, with his skull split. Well, guess what happened to me?"

"Perhaps you ate him?" insinuated Clara, with a laugh.

"No; they dragged me before some judge or other, and I was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand francs! For a dirty peasant! And they call that civilization! Is it credible? Well, thank you! If I had had to be so sentenced in Africa every time I killed a negro, or even a white man" . . .

"So you killed negroes also?" asked Clara.

"Why, certainly, adorable Miss!"

"For what reason, since you did not eat them?"

"Why, to civilize them. That is to say, to take from them their stores of ivory and rubber. And then, what do you expect? If the governments and business houses that entrust us with civilizing mis-

sions learned that we had killed nobody, what would they say?"

"To be sure," approved the Norman gentleman.

"Besides, the negroes are wild beasts . . . . poachers . . . . tigers" . . . .

"The negroes? What a mistake, my dear sir! They are gentle and gay. They are like children. Did you ever see rabbits playing in a field, in the evening, at the edge of a wood?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"They have pretty movements, mad frolics, polishing their skins with their paws, and leaping and rolling in the grass. Well, the negroes are like these young rabbits. It is very pleasant to watch them."

"Yet it is certain that they are cannibals," persisted the gentleman.

"The negroes?" protested the explorer. "Not at all. In the countries where the blacks live, the only cannibals are the whites. The negroes eat bananas and herbs. I know a *savant* who maintains even that negroes have the stomachs of ruminants. How do you expect them to eat meat, especially human meat?"

"Then why kill them?" I objected, for, in contact with those coarse and cruel men, I felt myself becoming good and full of pity.

"Why, I told you,—to civilize them. And also to amuse ourselves a little. When, after marches and marches, we came to a village of negroes, they were greatly frightened. Immediately they sent up cries of distress; they did not try to run away, so great was their fear, but wept, with faces buried in the ground. We distributed brandy among them,—for we always went well supplied with alcohol,—and, when they were drunk, we massacred them!"

"A dirty use to put a rifle to!" summoned up the Norman hunter, not without disgust.

The night grew more and more dazzling. The sky was aflame. Around us rocked the ocean, in great sheets of phosphorescent light. And I was sad, sad over Clara, sad over these coarse men, and over myself, and over our words which were an offence to Silence and Beauty.

"Do you know Stanley?" suddenly asked Clara of the explorer.

"Why, certainly; I know him," he answered.

"And what do you think of him?"

"Oh! he!" said he, with a shake of his head.

And, as if frightful recollections had just rushed into his mind, he finished in a grave voice:

"He, all the same, goes a little far!"

Scatter the Seed.

A hard-shell Baptist preacher is credited with saying that the missionaries of the Congregational Home Missionary Society "are the locusts prophesied of in the book of Revelation, and their tracts are the stings in their tails." Evidently somebody was hurt.

We need to carry plenty of stings in our tail-pockets, if we are to strike down the mighty men of government. I have always held that the most important thing in Anarchist propaganda was to put before the people, broadcast, correct statements of our ideas. For this we need cheap tracts, among other things. That is why I wrote the article "What is Anarchism?" in Liberty for May, and have reprinted it separately.

I mean to make the price so low that comrades can afford to waste a great many. The propaganda that wastes least is not the most economical. Not one thistle down in twenty, I believe, carries a seed; nevertheless the thistle spreads itself most efficiently by this means, because it sends out such quantities that, where fifty are wasted, the fifty-first does the work. My tract is meant to be distributed indiscriminately, recklessly: to be left in car-seats, handed to strangers in a strange city, as well as handed to carefully-selected friends from whom you are sure of appreciative attention.

When I was running the Letter-Writing Corps, I used occasionally to print quotations from the New Testament, as being the manual of methods of the most successful agitators the world ever saw. Let me now give you this text: "Press the matter in season and out of season." And there is nothing likelier to catch a man's attention out of season than a small piece of printed paper. A big pamphlet won't do the work so well. A tract is a good way to start a conversation on the subject, too, if you use that line of propaganda.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.